

## **Your Eyes, My Soul by dead-night-harringrove (familiarFlames)**

**Series:** [Werewolf Billy: Tumblr Drabbles \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Werewolf Character(s), werewolf!billy - Character

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Harringrove - Relationship

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-09-11

**Updated:** 2018-09-11

**Packaged:** 2022-04-23 02:36:38

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,598

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](#)

**Summary:**

PROMPT: You ever thought of about feral werewolf Billy who watches Steve from afar but to afraid to get close because of other humans, but one day does get close to him.

## Your Eyes, My Soul

Less than two months after moving to Hawkins, Indiana, Billy vanishes into the woods, abandoning his human form. There are no other wolves in Hawkins, aside from the naturals, and, despite being a small town, the county it's settled in is massive, giving him plenty of space to reflect and regret.

A year earlier he was bitten, and has since shifted outside of the full moon far too many times to count. It's cathartic; the feeling of the earth beneath his paws, the smell of pine and maple filling his lungs, the metallic tang of blood on his tongue when he hunts. Billy always shifts and runs after a bad encounter with Neil, but now he has shifted and plans on never returning to that house as long as he's alive. Billy always lingers though, and he wonders if Max knows it's him. Sometimes she looks at him as if she knows, even as he dips into the woods away from prying eyes.

He's spent time near the other children too, always watching. Since he's left, he notices more bruises on Max's body that she tries to hide. He notices how she no longer bravely goes out to meet with her friends, but instead sneaks to their houses. He notices when Sinclair sees a cut on her lip and cries with her. Billy notices when Lucas's eyes look up and meet his in the forest edge, and he pulls away and runs.

Mostly, he lingers in the woods near Steve's house. There remains deep-seated shame about that night at the Byers house, about how far he'd allowed his own actions, and the primal rage that even his wolf had cowered away from. Billy hadn't been able to shift for *days* after the fight, unable to coax his wolf out of wherever it was hiding within him.

Usually, his wolf is like a second voice in his head, a constant stream of animal suggestions and solutions to his day to day life. When he's angry, his wolf begs for bared teeth and torn throats. When he's content, the wolf wants companionship and warmth. When he's sad, his wolf wants to howl and lay down for days. Only on the full moon does his wolf become the savage, blood-thirsty beast werewolves are typically portrayed as. To suddenly have the continuous commentary

of his other half completely disappear because of his *human* actions was a disconcerting, and threw him further into despair than he'd like to admit.

So, he watches and wonders what he can do to make it up to all of the people he's wronged, to make it up to *Steve*. He wants, more than anything, for Steve to hold him and tell him that he'll be okay, that he's not a monster, that he's got a life worth living for.

One night, outside of Steve's house, he is digging idly into the dirt with his claws when he hears a low cry that builds into a scream. Billy's barreling towards the house before he can even think about how easily he's throwing away the distance he built. There isn't a trace of anything human in his voice as he barks outside of the door, scratching to be let in. Steve screams again before going quiet, and Billy hears footsteps coming from within the house. When the door swings open, he yelps as he gets a firm hit to the face with a nail bat. Any train of thought he had previously flies away from him as his ears start ringing and he feels blood dripping off of his face and matting his fur from where the nails had impacted. Billy crumples in a heap on the ground, trying to collect himself but failing as all he can register is *pain, pain, attacked, threat, submit, run, pain*. He wants to run, he wants to abandon the town and forget he was ever human and forget *about* humans, but he can't move.

Distantly, he hears Steve curse, and then there are hands on him, trying to move him gently. He whimpers as his body takes its sweet time regenerating, healing the wounds. Finally he's able to slowly stand and think, and Steve leads him into the house, then disappears into what Billy assumes is the kitchen. He returns with a bowl of water and a plate of random leftovers. There's no mercy to be shown for the pizza slices, old ham, and some type of pasta piled high onto the plate. Billy makes a mess of the water bowl, lapping at it and drooling all across the expensive floor as he lifts his bloody face up.

It's mostly healed now, and Steve notices immediately that the wolf he's let into the house after a panic attack is most certainly not a normal wolf. Its not a *giant* beast, but it is larger than any wild wolf he's seen around before. Not to mention, its *eyes*. They're so blue, with flecks of green and gold that remind him of the ocean. He's been to the beach a few times when he was younger, and always

remembered the humbling smallness he felt when standing before it. He'd felt the same way when staring into Billy Hargrove's eyes, deep and endless and so very blue.

"You're the blue eyed wolf the kids keep talking about, aren't you?" he asks, not expecting a response. The wolf licks its lips and watches him. He's going insane, talking to a damn wolf he just let into his house, despite the fact it could be rabid or anything. He had hit it, thinking it was a demodog, then panicked when he'd realized it was a furry, earthen friend who was probably just alarmed by his usual nightmare screaming. Maybe it had thought he was prey.

Given the fact he nailed it square in the head, quite literally, and it has already healed, Steve is quite certain it's no normal wolf. Between the eyes, the abnormal size, and the regenerative ability, he's not sure what it is. It's not trying to eat him, though, and that counts for something.

When he goes back into the kitchen with the bowls, it follows him with its tail and head ducked low, ears tucked against the back of its head, still watching him with what he might call sad eyes. Steve knows it's a submissive gesture, and he leans down and holds his hand out. It gently nudges its cold wet nose into his palm, and he pushes his hand back over its head, scratching behind its ear. The wolf's eyes actually widen for a moment before closing in absolute bliss, leaning fully into the touch. It's making circles beneath his hands, and flops over. Steve is reminded he loves dogs as he scratches its side, and the back leg starts kicking at the air in a frenzy.

Billy's absolutely stoked. Having never been pet before, never been treated like a dog in this context, he suddenly understands why dogs absolutely love being scratched all over. He's been in his wolf form for about three consecutive months, only shifting back into his human skin overnight because his body just can't retain one or the other form for twenty-four hours, unless he's consciously forcing it. Needless to say, he's definitely gotten some itches in places his wolf legs simply can't reach, and Steve's hands are hitting *all* of them.

Before long, Steve is closing the front door and locking it. He leaves another plate of leftovers out and refills the water bowl, and Billy is internally panicking as he realizes he's stuck *inside* the house. Steve

pets him on the head again, making a comment on how he must have been a pet wolf that got loose, because he is just so tame. Billy would have laughed if he could. Then, before he can do anything else, Steve walks upstairs and into his bedroom. He leaves the door open, and all of the lights on. With a sigh, Billy settles in for a long night.

He'll have to get up early after he reverts back into his human form, and sneak out before Steve gets up. Naturally he'd rather Steve be confused by how the wolf he'd let in disappeared, than have to deal with Steve seeing *Billy Hargrove* in his house.

---

It is worth noting that nothing ever goes according to plan in Billy's life.

He jolts awake to the sound of a scream, and unintentionally growls and bares his teeth as he looks around in a panic himself. His eyes lock on Steve's, and the pieces click into place as he remembers the night before, and realizes he's sitting on the floor, very much unclothed, covered in blood and dirt, teeth bared like a crazy person.

Obviously he hadn't gotten up early enough to leave. The sun has barely risen, and Steve is inching towards the phone mounted on the side of the wall in the living room. Billy's eyes widen as he realizes what Steve is doing, and within an instant he's right beside the phone, also blocking the way to the door. Swallowing hard, Steve glances around nervously, much like a deer, trying to find an escape route.

"W-what did you do to the, the wolf that was in here? Did you break in? Did you let him out?" he stammers.

It occurs to Billy that Steve is talking to his *human* form with more hesitance than he did unknowingly to him in wolf form. How heartbreaking that *he's* counted as a threat, while a potentially deadly wild animal is met with compassion. Unintentionally, Billy lets out a whine. He's spent so much time living as his wolf, they're now one and the same. Trying to separate himself is proving to be a little difficult for his still sleepy brain.

Steve's own brain falters, because the sound that leaves Billy's mouth is less than human, and far too perfect of a noise to be a mere mimic. He remembers how familiar the wolf's eyes had been. Presently his own eyes widen as he also recalls how quickly the wolf had healed from being hit with a nail bat, and how large it had been.

"Holy shit..." he exhales.

They just stare into each other's eyes for a while. When Billy finally speaks, his voice is hoarse from not being used in a long time.

"Please, don't tell anyone. I'm sorry, for everything. I'm sorry for the fight. I'm sorry for how far it went that night. Just, please don't tell anyone. I don't want my dad to know I'm alive."

Stunned, Steve inches closer and looks into the wild eyes of the boy in front of him. They're enchanting, sad, and Steve finds himself believing Billy's words. A quote comes to mind; he's seen it in his English class, printed on a poster on the teacher's wall: *To look into the eyes of a wolf is to see your own soul*. A quote he believes some guy called Aldo said. What was his last name? Leopard? He can't remember, but it doesn't matter anyways.

"I won't. Tell, I mean. I won't tell anyone. You're a, you're a..." he trails off.

"A werewolf?" Billy supplies, somewhat amused, but mostly surprised at how calmly Steve is reacting. He's entirely baffled when Steve smiles, seemingly enchanted by his newfound understanding.

"Yeah, a werewolf. You're a fucking werewolf. Holy shit! That explains the eyes... Can I watch? If that's, ah, not weird for you. I mean, not any weirder than waking up to, uhm." He pauses, eyes glancing down for the briefest of moments before raking their way back up.

Billy is absolutely delighted by the tiniest blush that takes over Steve's face. He's also reasonably embarrassed, because he has hit Steve with a whirlwind of experiences in the past twenty-four hours, and is now he's leaned up against the wall, completely bare and keeping Steve from leaving.

“You can watch, yeah. I don’t plan on sticking around for too long though, just... I’ve gotten attached to being wild. No ties to society, no expectations. I’m not leaving Hawkins, though. And, uh, can you do me a favor?”

Steve tilts his head, listening. He’s intrigued by everything Billy’s said so far, and realizes that lycanthropy might be the best thing that could have possibly happened to a person like Billy. Maybe the rage of the beast combined with Billy’s rage just cancels it out, because this is the calmest he’s ever seen his peer. Of course, Billy’s also been listed as a runaway for the past three and a half months, so if he’s been shifted as a wolf for all of that time it makes sense he’d have mellowed out. Nature is terrifying, but beautiful when it wants to be. It’s the perfect place for all of Billy’s chaotic energy to be let loose.

“Are you listening?” He hears Billy laugh, and snaps back into the present.

“Oh shit, I’m sorry. What were you gonna ask me?”

Billy’s serious expression returns, somewhat stormy, and Steve hangs onto what he says this time. “Keep an eye out for Max. Don’t let her get as angry as I did, she deserves better than to become that.”

Steve isn’t sure what he means, but he has noticed how distant Max has become from the group lately. A few minutes prior, Billy told him he didn’t want his father to know he’s *alive*. Steve thinks to himself that there are probably more pieces to the puzzle to collect, and makes a decision to talk to Max the next time he sees her.

“I will,” he assures Billy. “And, I mean, I don’t fully forgive you because what you did that night was fucked up on so many levels. But, if you ever get tired of sleeping in caves or whatever it is wolves and werewolves do, or if you ever just need a place to stay and want to be human for a while, my house is always open. My parents are never home, and it’s a lonely house. Or, you know, if you ever just want belly scratches again.” He smirks wickedly and tries not to look much further below Billy’s shoulders.

“I mean, if you’re *offering*, I doubt I could resist.” A grin pulls at his lips, complimenting his flushed cheeks. His nose twitching as he

glances down at the floor. "I'm gonna head out now. I have to travel a little further out since the full moon's in a few days. I mean, if you want to watch now? It's quicker travelling on all fours..."

Steve nods and follows Billy out to the back door and into the yard. There's nothing but forest on this side of his house, and he glances over at Billy when he takes a sharp breath.

It's a painful, disgusting, and hypnotically beautiful transformation to watch. Billy cries as he shifts, and Steve is at his side in a moment. Billy leans into his touch when he places a hand on his back. He can *feel* the bones reforming underneath his skin, a sick slide of flesh and muscle shifting to make way. Billy collapses once he's fully shifted, breathing heavy and body twitching in the aftershocks.

It's fifteen minutes before he finally stands up, content to just let Steve run his fingers through the thick fur on his neck and over his head and ears.

Billy turns back to look at Steve once he's at the edge of the forest. Then with a leap he disappears.